

SPACE CITY!

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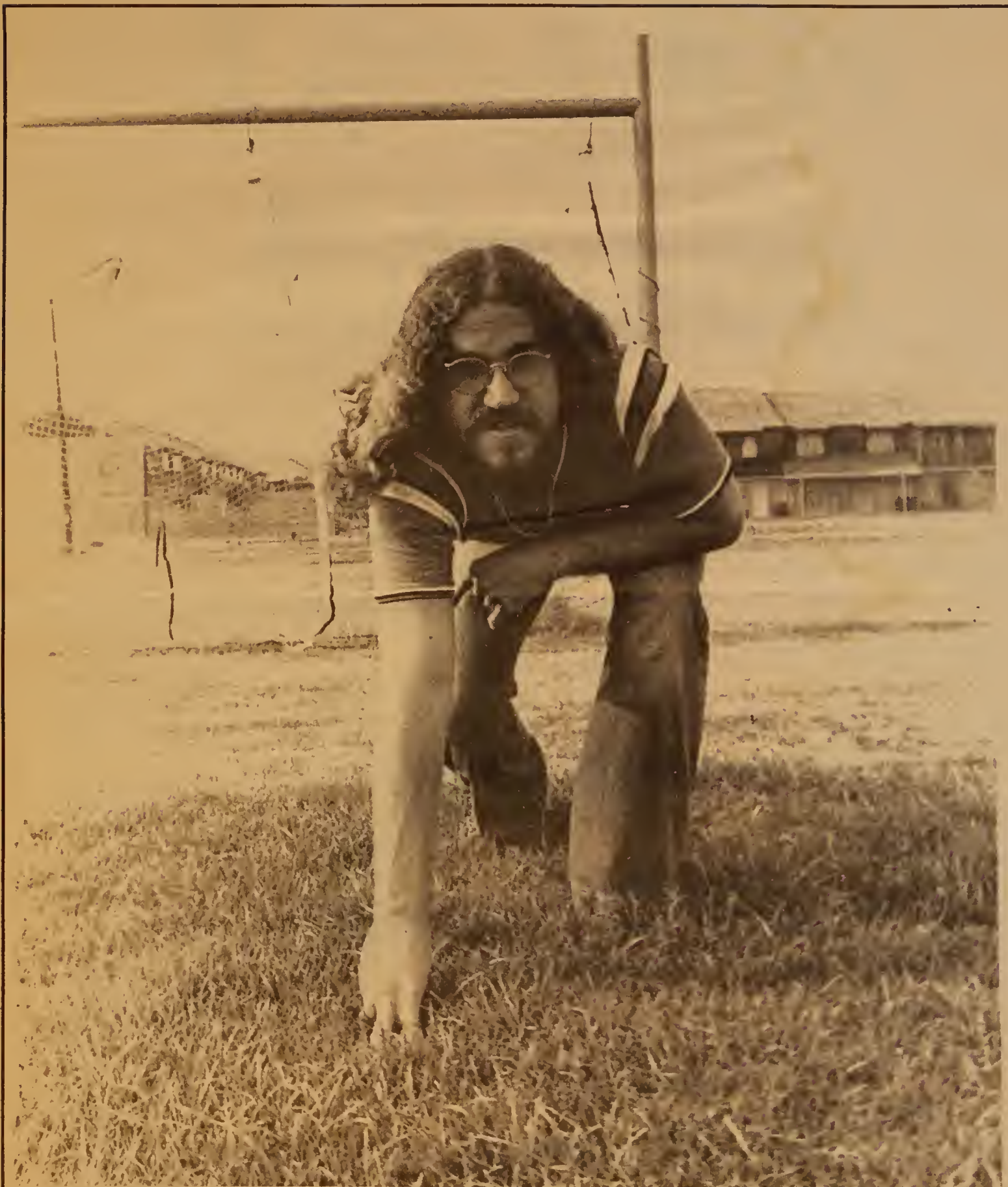


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**The Tribulation of Jason Lyons : Lee Otis Free on Bail : Land
Developers to be Scrutinized : Grass and Law in Texas : Brazilian
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Lee Otis Johnson

by Charles "Scoop" Sweeney

I realize perhaps Houston has changed as much as I have.

Lee Otis Johnson
June 2, 1972

August 26, 1968, to June 2, 1972 is a long wait. That wait is even longer behind bars. That wait is especially long if your name is Lee Otis Johnson. Lee Otis Johnson has waited for almost four years. Four years in which he had to ponder on why he was where he was—the Coffeyville Unit of the Texas Prison System.

The story of Lee Otis is one familiar to anyone who has any understanding of the phrase "political prisoner." The out-

Joe Moss and the other members of the District Attorney's "team."

At 10 a.m. a bail hearing was finally held in U.S. District Judge Bue's courtroom. Prior to Friday's hearing, Bue had refused bail for Lee Otis. U.S. Fifth Circuit Court Judge Homer Thornberry ruled that Bue must hold a bail hearing for Johnson. The hearing convened shortly after ten with the initial formalities passing very quickly. Finally, the question—Should Lee Otis be granted bail? Moss questioned whether it was safe to let this man (Johnson) out of prison on bond. Judge Bue asked Moss if the State had any evidence to present showing that Johnson was a danger and should not be

On considering the evidence, Bue ruled that Johnson should be released on \$10,000 bail. Immediately Celestine Johnson, Lee Otis' mother, broke out in tears. "It's so wonderful, so wonderful!" she cried leaning back and smiling at me. "Oh,

and an escort of U.S. Marshalls came into the U.S. Magistrates Court. Johnson looked physically and emotionally tired. When he entered the courtroom, Johnson glanced nervously around, maintaining a stony glare on his face. It seemed he

DEFENSE ATTY. CHARLIE KALIN:

"Now that we've got this far in the case, maybe the Astros will even start winning!!!!!"

it's so good!!" Immediately, Deputy U.S. Marshall J.W. Walker ran over to Ms. Johnson. "We'll have no demonstrations in here lady!!" Then turning to me, "And that goes for you too, SONNY!!"

After that small dark cloud, the day brightened considerably. Everyone seemed to disappear in a burst of activity, preparing for the homecoming. After all had calmed down as much as possible, the Johnson family gathered in the press room at the Federal Building. Ann James of The Houston Post had called Dr. Beto of the prison system. Lee Otis would be allowed to call on

had not allowed himself to believe he was really getting out.

The technicalities of making bond went routinely. Lee Otis seemed to be observing the whole scene with detachment. I imagine the whole scene of a human being exchanged for money in such a calm manner was somewhat ludicrous. Finally it was over. Lee Otis seemed to change. Confidence appeared along with a broad smile. He suddenly gave a brief clenched fist salute to his friend Abbie Lipschutz, the chairman of his defense committee. After that he seemed to be in control of the situation. Lee Otis was

JOE MOSS:

Joe Moss said he estimates that the state appeal will be determined by the Fifth Circuit Court in New Orleans in October. "In the event we win the appeal, he will go back to the penitentiary." In the event that the D.A.'s office loses the appeal, Lee Otis could be retried or set free within 90 days.

spoken young black, the alleged passing of a joint, the undercover cop, the "two days well spent" according to D.A. Carol Vance, the thirty YEAR sentence... the four long years... gone forever.

Last Friday, June 2, Lee Otis Johnson didn't have to wait any longer. After what seemed an endless series of fruitless court battles, Johnson was finally granted bail, pending the results of an appeal now being carried out by Vance, Asst. Dist. Atty.

allowed out of prison. Moss had none. Bue then asked Lee Otis' attorneys if they had any evidence to present. Counsel William Walsh rose and stated that he had only one piece of evidence to present, a statement by Houston Mayor Louie Welch that he and his staff did not consider Johnson a danger to the city. He (Welch) had said during testimony in January of this year, that he and his staff considered Johnson to be vocal but not dangerous.

CAROL VANCE:

District Attorney Carol Vance, when asked if he would retry Johnson, refused to say whether he would or not. "We'll just have to look at the opinion and the amount of time he has been in the penitentiary." He also speculated that the marijuana laws might be changed by then. (!!!)

the phone!! Tense moments. Then a quiet voice at the other end, "This is Lee Otis." A few brief greetings are exchanged. Then his mother is on the line. "We got everything done!" she said. "A roast beef on the stove? It'll be on the stove waiting!!" she cried.

At 4 p.m. that day, the waiting was almost over. Lee Otis

Home!! Outside the federal building Johnson answers questions for the press.

"Do you feel any bitterness?" "Where would I project it," he said, "you know, really, where would I project it." Then,

"It's hard to explain what it's like to be free again, you know, MAN IT'S GREAT!!"

LEE OTIS:

"I didn't really think that I was going free until I came out of the front gate at Diagnostic (Huntsville Prison). I thought somebody was ribbing me!!"

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Ex Jock

—by Martin Chapman

A former Spring Woods High School honor student and ex-football player received some rough handling from members of the crowd as he attended his wife's graduation ceremonies from SWHS in Tully stadium, May 29.

James E. "Jason" Lyons, Jr., 21, refused to stand during the playing of the National Anthem, a symbolic action which he has taken for the past several years at all events where the Star Spangled Banner is sung—in his opinion, not for freedom and life but for bombs and oppression.

Lyons, who was in the top 3 per cent of his graduating class and was named Outstanding Senior Boy, feels that, "everybody stands up blindly when the national anthem is played; they

don't know what's going on—they're chewing bubble gum or talking—they stand up because everybody else does. Well, I sit down to let people know that I disapprove of present policies."

Some members of the crowd apparently took umbrage at Lyons' expression of disapproval as eyewitness Gary Alford, 21, a friend of Lyons, recalled.

"I was with Jason there. We stood up for the invocation, you know, the prayer. But for the past three years, we've never stood up for the national anthem." "Suddenly," Alford said, "it just kinda broke loose. A man behind us started shouting at us. Then the people all around us turned around and all of a sudden there were from 10 to 12 men standing around us, shouting at us to get up."

Alford, who is a hefty 6'4" tall, stood up to hold off two who were threatening the for-

mer Tiger two year letterman. But, he said that Lyons was still sitting when, "a young man started bad-mouthing him and then he (the man) hit Jason in the mouth."

Then, according to Alford, another man grabbed Lyons by the hair and the punches started flying at the still seated former president of the Spring Woods High School Good Sportsmanship Club. Lyons was hit around the head and shoulders seven or eight times.

One of the men accused by Lyons of participating in the beating is Dale Stafford, 48, an ex-football coach and administrative principal at Westchester High School which is in the same school district as SWSH.

Stafford was attending the graduation exercises as an official monitor for the Spring Branch Independent School District, a requirement for all school

administrators, according to Dr. H.M. Landrum, General Superintendent of the SBISD. Landrum commented that Stafford "was there on duty representing the school district."

The superintendent went on to say that Stafford "was charged with responsibility for keeping the crowd orderly."

Stafford has denied pummeling Lyons and has claimed that he was attempting to protect Lyons from the crowd's wrath.

However, Lyons disagrees. He commented, "I would have welcomed anybody that would have protected me," from a beating. "All I wanted was for everyone to leave me alone and be quiet."

Meanwhile, the National Anthem had played out and an unidentified citizen approached off duty Houston police officer, J.W. Dunn, who was working the exercises for the SBISD.

Top Socked



Photo by E.F. Shawver, Jr.

Dunn was situated below the scene and could not see what was happening at the time. He said, "I was talking to a gentleman when somebody grabbed me by the shoulder and said, 'officer, officer, there's a man's getting beat up up there; there's four or five people's jumped on him and you'd better get up there; they're gonna kill him.'"

Dunn said that when he arrived at the fight scene, "They (the crowd) were agitated something fierce and their agitation was directed towards this one person. My main interest was to get him away from the immediate area so that they would calm down."

Dunn told Lyons to come with him and led him toward the top of the stands and the exit where they encountered Stafford and another policeman covering the exercises. Apparently

Stafford had left the altercation scene and was returning with the policeman. He indicated that Lyons should be removed from the stadium.

The police led Lyons, who did not resist, out of the stadium and into the parking lot.

Lyons said that he wished to file assault charges against Stafford and several others whose names he did not know. The police told him where he had to go to find a justice of the peace court where he could file the simple assault charges.

Lyons said that he then asked permission to return to the stadium to view the remainder of his wife Vickie's graduation ceremonies.

The police refused to allow him to reenter the stadium although, Lyons said, they admitted that he had broken no law.

Dunn said that he told Lyons

that, "the administration would prefer that you leave. There are a goodly number of people that are quite agitated. I can't stand there and babysit you the whole time and for your own safety, you better leave."

Lyons said that since he then had no choice, he proceeded to his father's house and then to the hospital to have his wounds attended to. He had suffered a cut right ear and had a large swelling behind his left ear as well as a minor cut by his right eye. His vision was blurred in his left eye and he had a hearing loss in his left ear.

About an hour after the altercation, Lyons said that his father, James Lyons, Sr., and Alford returned to the stadium to get the names of witnesses and the assailants but the police had apparently not secured any names and most of the crowd had dis-

sipated by that time. The police report filed with the Houston police department contained no names of assailants nor of witnesses other than Dale Stafford.

Meanwhile, Vickie Lyons, who had also remained seated during the National Anthem, was graduated from SWHS.

Lyons runs a porcelain refinishing firm in partnership with his father and younger brother. The young businessman commented, "I was not about to be forced to stand up. That's against everything I believe America's for."

He went on, "I don't know if you've seen the street theater thing where the people are standing up for the National Anthem and one guy's sitting down; I think they did it in *Billy Jack*; anyway, they all beat him during the anthem and were back in place in time for 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

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"Look on the bright side, son — at least this will draw some attention to this out-dated drug law."

Mary Jane in the Eyes of Texas

—by Molly Ivins

Someone has finally attempted an intelligent, well-researched, almost-comprehensive (given the gaps in the state's criminal justice record-keeping) study of marijuana in Texas. The results are just as distressing as you might have expected. The study was done by Griffin Smith and Alan Holman, the staff of the Senate Interim Drug Study Committee, chaired by Fort Worth Sen. Don Kennard.

The report states flatly that Texas marijuana laws are the harshest in the world. The report also estimates that more than one million Texans have used marijuana. Most of the users are young people: 46 per cent of the college students questioned reported using marijuana and its use is growing rapidly among high school and even junior high school students particularly in the larger cities of the state.

The report contains the first statistical breakdown of information concerning marijuana offenders in Texas prisons and is worth quoting. "The most noteworthy aspect of the Texas Department of Corrections' report on drug offenders is also the most obvious: in Texas, persons are still sent to prison for marijuana offenses. Although prison sentences for sale offenses are still relatively common in other states, such sentences for possession are almost unheard of. Even in a state like California, which permits 'judicial discretion,' 95 per cent of marijuana possession offense are classed as misdemeanors and only 1.7 per cent of persons convicted of felony marijuana possession are actually sent to prison. It has been asserted that few people actually go to prison for marijuana offenses in Texas, but the truth is otherwise: of the 1,894 identifiable drug offenders in the Department of Corrections, 800 are being held for marijuana offenses. Of these, 691 have been convicted of marijuana possession."

The report presents some horrible statistics on the length of sentences of marijuana offenders. Only 13 per cent have been sentenced to the minimum term of two years. The number of persons who have been sentenced to term ranging from 11 years to life exceeds the number who have been sentenced to the minimum. Among those sentenced for marijuana possession, nearly two-thirds are serving five years or more. This is happening nowhere else in America.

There is one person in the Texas prison system who is serving a life sentence for selling marijuana. There are 13 who are serving life

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sentences for possession of marijuana.

The report also contains some startling figures on the inequities of enforcement of the marijuana laws within the state. "A marijuana user in North Texas stands a much greater chance of going to prison than one in South Texas. In the 14 Rio Grande Valley counties bordering Mexico, which have a combined population of 800,000, only 10 persons are imprisoned for marijuana offenses. By contrast, 12 persons are imprisoned from Potter County (Amarillo), with a population of 90,000." The report contains a statistical table on the variation of treatment of marijuana offenders in the 10 largest counties. El Paso is minus 966.7 per cent off the norm. Dallas is plus 146.2 per cent off the norm.

Griffin Smith, the committee counsel who helped prepare the report, said realistically that such reports almost never serve to change people's minds on a subject: they simply provide ammunition for those who already want to make a case for changing the law. Copies can be obtained by writing the Senate Interim Committee on Drug Study, State Capitol, Austin.

This article originally appeared in the June 9 issue of the Texas Observer. Molly Ivins is the co-editor.

HUD Probes Local Land Developers

by Susan Montgomery

Public hearings on land sales practices will be held here in November, according to George Bernstein, interstate land sales administrator in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). Bernstein said complaints of all kinds have been filed against Houston area land developers.

A number of promotional gimmicks are used to mislead and cheat prospective buyers of lots for recreational, retirement or investment purposes. According to Bernstein, all have been used by land salesmen in this area. (No developers have been named, but it appears likely some Galveston area developers will be included.)

Here's a list of common practices:

- *Misrepresentations of present land value or probable resale value;

- *Overstated refund promises;

- *Failure to follow through on promised development of recreational facilities;

- *Failure to deliver deeds, title insurance policies and other such papers;

- *Failure to produce sales inducements, such as "free" vacations, gifts, savings bonds, trading stamps, etc., all used to lure people out to the development for the hype;

- *"bait and switch"—some lots are offered at very low prices, or a certificate is issued for a "free" lot, so the potential buyer will come out to the development, there to be pressured into buying a more expensive lot. The bargain, or "free" lots almost always prove to be undesirable

when inspected.

Federal law provides that the developers provide the prospective purchaser with a property report disclosing all material facts relating to the purchase, the property and promised improvements. Failure to comply with this law entitles the buyer to void the contract and receive a full refund. Unfortunately, many buyers are unaware that they have this recourse.

Fifteen cities other than Houston will also be the sites of hearings. "We are holding these hearings for the benefit of the public, not that of the bureaucrats and developers," Bernstein said. "We want to find out the problems the people are having and we want to identify the fast-talking, silver-tongued sharpies who are causing those problems."

The hearings are intended to bring complaints into the open and will perhaps increase public awareness of land sales practices.

Bernstein said HUD expects paid professional representatives of the developers to show up at the hearings and tell the HUD investigators that most developers meet their responsibilities under the law. However, Bernstein added, "We're going to give every priority to the members of the public who have been bilked or taken advantage of by developers who refuse to honor their legal responsibilities."

If any reader has been a victim of shady land sales practices, or knows of such occurrences, we would like to hear from you—and by all means, attend the November HUD hearings and air your gripes.

Another Convention, Another Credentials Crisis

Representatives from Houston's small community of leftist media have always experienced difficulty in obtaining legitimate press credentials and gaining admission to cover news events. In the past, reporters from Space City! and Pacifica radio have been barred from events such as the American Legion convention and functions at which the Governor and other political dignitaries have spoken.

The latest denial of press credentials occurred at the 64 National Governors' Conference, held at the Shamrock Hotel, June 4-7, where more than one reporter had trouble obtaining and or keeping conference press credentials. One reporter/photographer from Mockingbird, a bi-weekly underground newspaper, had his Houston Police Department press pass confiscated, after he was refused credentials to the conference. (He was considered a security risk.)

Jim Dennison and Bryan Baker applied for conference credentials Monday, June 5, using their HPD press cards as identification. They were told by one national conference press aide that the processing of their application would take an hour or so, and would they please

credentials, she said.

Despite Space City's vouching for them Dennison and Baker were denied credentials.

Carlton Carl, Governor Preston Smith's press aide and host press coordinator, told Space City! reporter Marty Chapman the Dennison and Baker would be granted credentials if they could produce "recognizable identification showing the medium they represented," plus accompanying pictures.

Carl acknowledged that the men's appearance (both had long hair and beards and were not wearing suits) just might have something to do with their denial of credentials. Yes, their appearance could have been what elicited their somewhat cool reception at the press center. "They were not dressed up in the fashion as other members of the press," Carl said.

Dennison said that he didn't feel the least disreputable looking. "I had on my brand new cowboy shirt and I felt kind of spiffy," he said.

The Mockingbird reporters returned to the Shamrock Tuesday, May 6, to cover a demonstration protesting the presence of the governors in Houston. They were told that they did not have the proper press credentials and that they would have to move off the sidewalk in front of the hotel. Dennison decided to re-apply for credentials after being told what Carl had said about the recognizable identification. Dennison returned to the press center, explained the previous day's mixup, offered to let them search his camera bag for a bomb and once again produced his HPD press card, draft card, driver's license and University of Houston ID complete with picture.

Once again he was told it would take a while for his application to be processed. Yes, the press aide said, he remembered yesterday's mixup; no, he did not mind Dennison's long hair, and certainly he would go look for Mr. Carl. Before Carl arrived two men approached Dennison and asked to see his identification. Dennison handed over everything and the men said they would keep the HPD card, that it was not a valid press card. "What do you mean, not valid?" Dennison queried. "Herman Short issued it to me and signed it."



Mad bombers leer at news photographer while Godfearing lawabiders watch apprehensively. Note the nifty looking bomb reticule worn by the anarchist on the left. Photo by Sue Duncan.

call back in an hour. They did, and were told that they had been turned down because they did not have a Department of Public Safety (DPS) press card, because their HPD cards did not have their pictures and because there was no way to validate their HPD press credentials on the spot.

(Dennison and Baker had just been issued the HPD cards Monday morning and had no time to have pictures taken and developed. Both did have other identification on them which would have proved they were who they said they were, such as drivers licenses and university ID's. They were never given the chance to show them, according to Dennison.)

While Dennison and Baker were waiting for their applications to be processed, Molly Ivins, co-editor of the Texas Observer, told Space City! reporter Karen Northcott that conference officials had expressed some concern about two rather scrungy looking young men who had flashed HPD press cards. They were applying for credentials, and did the Space City! reporter know who they were. Northcott told Ivins that the two were reporters for Mockingbird and assured they were not mad bombers — they could indeed have valid HPD press

"Well, we're confiscating it and you can pick it up in Herman Short's office tomorrow, son," said one. Both men were dressed in suits and had neglected to identify themselves. When pressed for identification, one flapped open his wallet and said, "I'm Sgt. P . . R . . E . . S . . L . . E . . Y." and suggested strongly that he leave the building. Dennison did.

Mockingbird reporters were not the only alternative media representatives to be hassled by the various security agents at the conference. A Pacifica radio reporter and technician had their conference credentials revoked.

Eileen Hatcher and Dane Ince were accused of using phony press credentials to qualify for conference passes and of having identification which did not match the names on their conference passes.

"I had gone to our van to pick up some equipment we were going to use to do a live broadcast when three men converged on me," Hatcher said. One man was in a suit and the others were uniformed Houston police officers. "They asked me for my DPS press card and I told them that Mr. Carl had personally waived the DPS requirement

by Allen Young

RIO DE JANEIRO—The ecology question, relatively new in the arena of foreign affairs, has become a major issue here as Brazil affirms its desire to develop the virgin lands of the huge Amazon River basin.

Brazil's military dictatorship (which just began its ninth year in power) is making vague promises to take measures to prevent pollution and environmental destruction while it affirms the nation's inexorable march to "development."

The reality, not at all new, is that huge corporations headquartered in the United States, Japan and Western Europe are continuing to remove large amounts of Brazil's natural resources, and these same corporations are being encouraged to invest in new industries which will most definitely bring considerable amounts of pollution.

(Sitting next to me on my flight from New York to Rio a few months ago was a mining engineer in the employ of U.S. Steel. He told me that he was going to check out his company's new "find" in the Karajas mountain range in the Amazon River basin: he said initial surveys indicated this was one of the biggest iron ore reserves ever to be found. The name Karajas, by the way, is that of a beautiful Indian people who live along the major tributaries of the Amazon and whose culture is already on the way to destruction primarily due to the influence of money and alcohol.)

All of this building and mining is being done in the name of progress, jobs and development. Brazil, in fact, has a very high growth rate—estimated by authorities at between 10 and 11 per cent—but all the talk of "the boom in Brazil" (the title of a Business Week cover story a year ago) ignores the basic question of the distribution of wealth.

While there are more cars than ever choking the crowded streets of Rio de Janeiro (pop. 5 million) and Sao Paulo (pop. 6 million), and more high-priced manufactured goods in the stores, the gap between rich and poor grows wider and wider.

There are still millions of people in Brazil's northeast whose diet consists primarily of manioc flour and for whom hunger is not an abstraction.

Furthermore, at least 85 per cent of Brazilian mining, manufacturing, processing and other businesses, is in the hands of foreign companies. In January, Rodman Rockefeller (son of David, nephew of Nelson), representing an undefined group of U.S. businessmen, visited Brazil and talked openly about the Amazon region as an attractive place for U.S. investments. Brazil could become as prosperous as Japan, Rockefeller told reporters, feeding the Brazilian government's jingoistic soon-we'll-be-a-big-power line.

Rejecting expressions of concern about pollution, the Brazilian government argues that since industrialized countries have caused most of the world's pollution, they have no right to tell poor pre-industrial societies what to do. This argument sounds good (even radical) and it makes good propaganda (because it makes Brazil seem virtuous), but given the role of the industrialized nations in the Brazilian economy, such talk is unadulterated hypocrisy. For example, the state-owned Companhia do Vale do Rio Doce is now negotiating for a \$1.2 billion project to produce wood pulp for export to Japan.

The issue is complicated by the fact that the whole ecology awareness has emerged primarily inside the advanced capitalist nations (like the United States), where the disastrous results of misapplied technology are being felt most. While corporations in these countries continue to pollute the air and water, a small popular-based ecology movement has emerged and a number of liberal scientists have begun to speak out on the issue. Many of the people pushing the eco-

Ecology and in

logy issue, however, do not take into consideration the gap between the factory worker and the middle-class professional, between the industrialized and the non-industrialized nations.

The Brazilian government has been able to cynically use the ecology movement's narrow perspective in order to muster popular support for its development program. Conveniently ignoring the fact that its development program means improving the standard of living of only a tiny fraction of the Brazilian people, the government and the pro-government censored press rebuff the ecologists.

First, the authorities say they are taking measures to insure that pollution will be kept at a minimum, but this seems to be mere verbiage. Second, the Brazilians are using nationalism and latent anti-Americanism to justify their reactionary stance. So they attack American ecologists and liberal editorials in The New York Times, but they fail to mention General Motors, U.S. Steel, Georgia-Pacific and other major U.S. firms that have investments in Brazil.

Perhaps the most famous, or infamous, of the foreign ecologists to say anything about the Brazilian situation is an anonymous German, who, in a letter to a Brazilian colleague, stated that "the Amazon region is responsible for 50 per cent of the oxygen produced on Earth."

A self-righteous editorial in a recent issue of the Jornal do Brasil, a leading Rio daily,

is indicative of the official reaction here:

"Some countries, now fully developed and highly industrialized, occasionally tend to think of the developing nations as playgrounds or forest preserves. In a single blow, they would stop the world at the point it is at now, keeping themselves in front and keeping the rest of the countries as suppliers of raw materials and as a vacationland for worn-out, advanced countries.

"So it was that for centuries the Amazon region was forgotten by the entire world. No one was interested. Now, when Brazil decides to develop the region and link it up with Brazilian civilization, apostles of the virgin jungle pop up hither and yon. They say that the equilibrium of the biosphere and the world's oxygen supply depend on the Amazon region. They are, as far as they dare say it to a sovereign nation, opposed to the development of this big river valley.

"All of Western Europe as well as the Soviet Union and the United States were once as covered with forests as the Amazon region is now . . . Brazil does not plan to destroy its forests as it settles the Amazon. But if the industrialized nations think it is absolutely necessary to re-cover the planet with forests, nothing is stopping them from doing it on their own territory. It will make the wild boars and foxes very happy."

By taking this approach, the pro-government press accomplishes two goals at once:



Development Brazil

it rebuffs the ecologists, and it gives the people the impression that government policy favors social and economic progress. The real issues—how to apply technology in non-destructive ways and how to distribute the world's technical and material wealth—are ignored.

The Brazilians also seem to have successfully warded off any attempts by the United Nations to play a role as environmental watchdog, particularly in the Amazon region. While Rodman Rockefeller was in Brazil to talk about how to make money in the Amazon region, another visitor arrived. He was Maurice F. Strong, secretary-general of the U.N. Conference on the Environment, scheduled to take place in Stockholm this month. Strong, invited by the government, met with officials who told him point blank that they would not allow rich countries to impose environmental criteria on Brazil if this meant halting existing development plans for the Amazon region.

At a press conference, Strong declared that he was "impressed with the care with which Brazil has begun its efforts to turn the Amazon Valley into a productive region."

The environmental issue continues to be discussed here by specialists and the public. A recent 326-page issue of *Realidade*, one of the country's most popular monthly magazines, was dedicated entirely to reports on the Amazon region.

The magazines included some shocking photographs and facts about the killing of animals, especially alligators and jaguars, for their skins—reports very similar to those published in many U.S. publications during the recent controversy over the Canadian baby seal massacre.

Since 1967, such destruction of animals

has been prohibited, but virtually nothing is done to enforce the laws. In a land of abysmal poverty, trappers and hunters are not about to stop their labors because of ecology or sentiment. According to *Realidade*, there were about 500,000 alligators killed in 1970, as well as 30,000 jaguars and 370,000 smaller wildcats. One Amazon mammal, the cowfish, is already on the list of endangered species.

A joke going around the Amazon region is that if you want to find an alligator you have to know its address.

Haphazard clearing of thousands of acres of land for cattle growing is going on at a steady pace, despite warnings from scientists that the land may turn into desert rather than pastureland.

The human toll is something else. There were 2-3 million Indians living in Brazil in 1500, and now there are only 50,000 to 100,000. Contemporary Brazil, unlike the Andean nations such as Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia, is not essentially an Indian nation. The genocide of Indians will not stir up any mass protest movement here any more than it did in the United States a century ago.

Brazil's remaining Indians, still retaining their native languages, tribal structures and primeval cultures, live in very isolated villages in the Amazon jungle or along the many jungle rivers. The press of "civilization"—new roads (including the monumental Trans-Amazon highway), greedy businessmen, and ordinary settlers—threatens to totally wipe out the Indians, or, more likely, move them to ever-smaller reservations.

No one in any position of responsibility has suggested that these Indians are reasonable enough to prevent a nation of 90 million people from "taking" the Amazon region.

But one Brazilian anthropologist, speaking out at the recent First Inter-Regional Encounter of Brazilian Social Scientists, in Recife, criticized the authorities responsible for building the Trans-Amazon highway for not including social scientists in the planning and building of the road.

That road, curiously, passes very near the Karajas mountain range where U.S. Steel is getting ready for its big new mining operation. An estimated 16 per cent of the world's timber is located in the Amazon region (which is itself about half of Brazil's territory). The Georgia-Pacific Company, the number one plywood producer in the world, already owns 600,000 acres of land near the new highway. FERUSA, a Brazilian subsidiary of Billiton, which is in turn a unit of Royal-Dutch Shell, has invested \$3 million in tin mining in the region. A spokesman said, "We have proved deposits of 4,000 metric tons worth about \$44 million but we are just beginning our explorations."

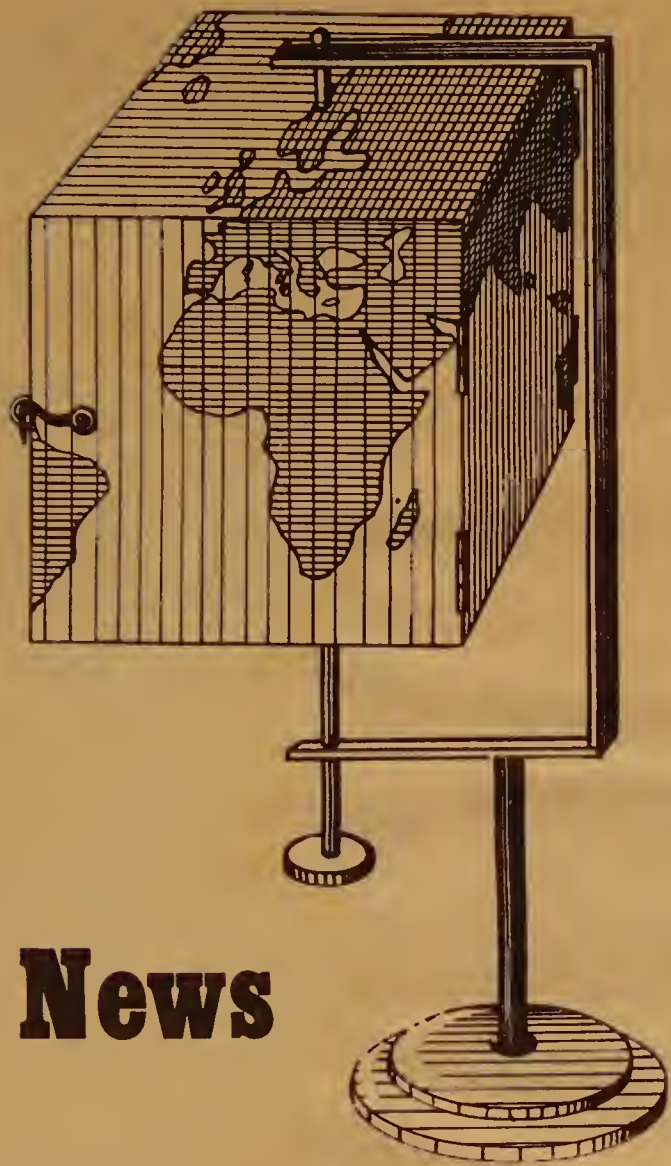
As a relatively small number of North Americans begins to question the results of applied technology and all of the things we know as civilization, it may be easy to suggest that the Amazon region should be set aside as a kind of international park—botanical, zoological and human.

But that wouldn't happen. Even in the United States, the more radical wing of the ecology movement is losing battle after battle with major corporations. Many of the imperialist polluters are engaged more in public relations on ecology than in undoing or stopping pollution. All over the world, millions are seeking the benefits, real or imagined, of technology and development—while large corporations are ready to do the job and make the profits.

The *Jornal do Brasil* was unequivocal; it almost resembled a socially-conscious preacher: "We will turn the Amazon region into something: useful for Brazil and the world. We will do this by making the area productive and civilized, not by reserving it for safaris." So in the name of phony progress, Brazil's military government (the same one that tortures political dissidents) is destroying this beautiful land.

As long as there are rich countries and poor countries, as long as bustling industries seem to bring luxuries to the people who live near them and as long as virgin forests mean poverty to the people who live near them, the ecology question will remain unresolved.

Allen Young is a former Latin American correspondent for such publications as the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. After "dropping out" of the commercial media, Allen was an editor of *Liberation News Service* and is now active in the gay liberation movement.



News

Transcendental Meditation Takes On Drugs

The benefits of Transcendental Meditation have been enthusiastically professed by students tangling academia, business people escaping the coronary ward, and former frazzled homemakers. Its practice is now being explored as an alternative for people with drug problems.

Laboratory controlled experiments for the last 20 years conclude profound physical changes occur in a state of meditation. During a meditative period, the pulse and oxygen consumption rates drop considerably. Alpha waves, which indicate a state of relaxation, become intense, and the proportion of blood lactate, an indicator of anxiety, is lowered about 30 per cent.

It is postulated that the release from nervousness and tension promoted by Transcendental Meditation will eliminate the desire to use drugs. The assumption is, of course, that people depend on chemicals to loosen up. So far there are indications that meditation advocates may be looking in the right direction.

A study conducted in 1969 by Keith Wallace and Dr. Herman Benson of Harvard showed a high level of drug abstinence among the majority of 1,862 interviewed dopers-turned-meditators. One novice remarked, "Drugs have naturally fallen by, I didn't have to stop. After a while I just found myself not taking them anymore."

Benson claims his subjects de-
10 : Space City!

clined to continue with drugs because "drug induced feelings became extremely distasteful as compared with those experienced during the practice of Transcendental Meditation."

Presently, 10,000 high school juniors are being surveyed with regard to their personal habits and use of drugs. They will be categorically grouped, and half of them exposed to the techniques of transcendental meditation. Frequency in the use of drugs from marijuana to barbiturates, to heroin, will be marked in hopes of ascertaining a notable difference from the meditating and the non-meditating group.

If this survey compares favorably with others, the Transcendental Meditation movement can expect a large boost from drug abuse centers throughout the country.

The physical alterations and mental solace of meditation cannot take all of the credit in discouraging the use of drugs. A withdrawal from drug-using friends can be a problem nearly as serious as any physical effect. It is possible for a cult of meditators to fill the social void felt by the heavy dooper as he leaves the drug cronies.

Being part of the meditation scene can offer the reinforcement and security sometimes needed during transitional periods. A head full of alpha waves may someday be the fashionable alternative to a body flowing with dangerous seconal.

-Fred Settcberg/AFS



A reunion between two inmates and two former inmates. The man on the right served 13 years in the Ohio Pen for armed robbery. Photo by Ken Light/LNS.

Rock and Poetry in

COLUMBUS, OHIO (LNS)—About five months ago, in an attempt to pacify the liberal community's objections to prison conditions, officials at the Ohio Penitentiary allowed the formation of the Ohio Penitentiary Rock Music Club. The 33 prisoners, mostly black, who joined were granted permission to practice for two hours every Saturday afternoon. On Saturday, May 3, they had their first concert—quite an event, mostly because it gave them a chance to get together with each other and with visitors from the outside.

The afternoon of music, which included rock and jazz performed by various combinations of the inmates, was attended by the entire club (all the other 1,900 inmates had to stay in their cells) and 250 guests and friends.

The prisoners and the rock music club members all know that the formation of the club is mostly a PR ploy by prison officials to try to offset the public scandal over prison conditions. And prison officials know they know. Just about the only people who don't know are the Ohioans who read about it in their newspapers. Those who made the trip to attend the concert found the prisoners glad to enjoy the temporary relaxation of the situation, but always overshadowed by and anxious to talk about the everyday cruelties of prison life.

The prisoners performed on a stage at the end of the cafeteria. Behind them on the wall was a colored mural depicting the signs of the



Entering the anteroom from the guardroom. The entrance to the cafeteria, is beyond the bars, on the left. Photo by Ken Light/LNS.

zodiac. There used to be a picnic scene there with carriages and chestnut horses and men with top hats and ladies in white, but the prisoners painted over it after a sitdown strike in April.

In the past few months there has been a lot of trouble at the Ohio pen, which is located right in the middle of downtown Columbus. Three prisoners have been killed and there have been several sitdown strikes to try to draw attention to the bad conditions in the prison.

Built in 1877, the maximum security prison is one of the worst in the country. There is no facility for the treatment of drug addicts, the overcrowded conditions have reduced recreation to almost nill, and job training is limited to either work in the prison laundry or the manufacturing of cheap trinkets for the prison gift shop (prisoners are paid \$6 a month—a recent raise from the previous \$4 a month).

The prison's most famous inmate is Ahmed Evans who was railroaded to death row for the death of three policemen during a 1968 Cleveland ghetto rebellion. His case is still being fought in the courts and Ahmed keeps in touch with other prisoners as much as possible.

Prisoners are locked in their cells from 3:30 p.m. until 7 the next morning and lights are out at 9:30.

Many of those who have participated in the sitdown strikes have been thrown in solitary confinement, the "hole" as it is called in the Ohio pen. The hole is a cell in the punishment block with nothing in it except a sheetless tick mattress and a stopped-up toilet. Showers and brushing teeth are forbidden.

"New modern facilities," located way off in the middle of the Ohio countryside near a town called Lucasville, have been in the works for two or three years. But, now officials claim the prisoners will be moved in a month's time, out of sight, out of reach of supporters in the city, and out of mind for liberals who have expressed concern over the condition.

When that goes through, even the scant contact with the outside world prisoners now enjoy, such as the rock concert, will be greatly reduced.



Two Jails: A Contrast

—by Mark Brewer

SAN FRANCISCO (AFS)—Saturday morning at San Francisco County Jail is indistinguishable from a day at most other U.S. jails. You might go to the noisy "day room" to try to hear the TV above the din of voices, or try to revive a stale conversation with a guy in the next cell, or just sit alone on your bunk. From jail to jail across the country, the scene changes little.

But on a recent Saturday in early May, over 200 San Francisco county inmates were not in their cell blocks. Instead, small groups of them gathered leisurely around a speakers platform erected in a grassy field

just outside the jail. Along with fresh air and open space came the vibrant strains of Black poets and the African rhythms of a local band to replace the usual monotony.

The departure from normal days was reflected in the enthusiastic faces of inmates lounging in the grass or swaying with the music or in the eagerness of prisoners who took the stage to present their own creation.

The performances, which lasted several hours that Saturday, were by members of San Francisco's Black Writers Workshop, some of whom have staged similar readings, produced short plays and organized creative writing classes at other Bay Area correctional facilities, such as the Corona Institute for Women near Oakland.

When San Francisco's newly elected Sheriff, Richard Hongisto, learned of the Workshop's other activities, he arranged for their appearance at the county jail as part of his unique efforts to involve the local community in the correctional process. In addition, Hongisto has inaugurated other new activities such as daily creative writing classes at the jail, has consistently lobbied with the city government for much needed increase in funds, and even plans to sponsor the organization of an inmate rock band whose performances could raise money for other innovations.

Nevertheless, Sheriff Hongisto, the inmates themselves, and even many guards, are convinced that the willingness of community groups like the Black Writers Workshop to become actively involved in the jail system is the only real means of changing conditions in local jails.

Poetry reading at the San Francisco County Jail, May 6, 1972, sponsored by the Black Writers Workshop and accompanied by the African rhythms of Juju, a local band. Photos by Victor Spigulis/AFS.



eria, where the concert took

More news on 12

June 8-14, 1972 : 11

People's Park: First of Thousands?

—by Roger Lubin

BERKELEY (AFS)—People's Park is alive again, rebuilt almost overnight this time—a consequence of Nixon's blockade.

There has always been a lot of energy related to this park in Berkeley, and the park has come to represent the struggle for community among Berkeley's student population, older liberals, street people, high school students, ghetto blacks and everybody else who once thought it senseless to allow a full square block to stand empty and barren when a park was needed.

The history of the park was short and tragic. The vacant lot, owned by the University of California, was liberated. For a short time a park bloomed as people planted, built swings and slides for children, put in a lawn and found a true sense of community.

Almost everybody who was a part of the Park felt—some for the first time—that society could be a constructive, positive force; and many came to recognize that in a true collective effort, unmarred by

ego tripping or vain competition, joy could result even from the most menial of labors.

But Gov. Reagan acted fast. He ranted about “private property” and “street people who have no regard for the law and the rights of the University” and sent in the police, the sheriff, the Highway Patrol and, finally, the National Guard to rescue the park from the “. . . handful of dissidents who always make it tough on the majority of law abiding citizens.”



The result was disastrous. Alan Blanchard, an artist, was blinded and James Rector, a local resident, was killed. Numerous arrests were made, the park was destroyed and the schism between government and the people in whose interests it supposedly acts, was widened.

The University got back its precious land—built a parking lot and protected it with a chain link fence. So it stood for three years—until Nixon's blockade served as a catalyst and rallying point for people who were tired of responding only by another peace march or by trashing the street. This time they decided to take some action that was positive. They took the park.

The chain link fence was down in a matter of minutes. Using the fence posts as levers, literally hundreds of people pryed the black top from the surface of the lot, carried the pieces to the street and left them there, and began to plant a garden and build a new park. This time, at least, the powers seem to have learned something, and the park still stands. What they learned, apparently, is that community, once found, is a powerful thing and they'd best not trifle with it—being once burned.

The park, as parks go, is a pleasant place. It's not as green as the city parks which are watered regularly, but it gets more use, and the people's corn and people's strawberries seem to be happy in ground that once held only tar and asphalt. There's a communal compost heap as well as a community recycling center for aluminum and other cans as well as glass bottles.



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People have been bringing compostable garbage from home and other recyclables and the park seems to be functioning as an environmental workshop in a number of ways. Free food as appeared on more than one occasion and a "free store" has sprung up on one of the tables under the trees.

The big job, now that the park has been won, will be keeping up the revolutionary energy. After all, China's big task was not accomplished solely in military victory. It was effected by dedicated people working through the years of mundane toil it took to transform the country.

That, in a microcosm, is the problem of the park. Now that it belongs to the people, what will happen to it—and to us—that's new and truly revolutionary? People's Park, in most people's minds, has always been seen as an island of sanity in a mad society. This time it can be a demonstration laboratory too, where, within the confines of one square block, a sane, balanced society can be created. It is, admittedly, a large task—but if we consider ourselves to be a part of the revolution it's really the only way.

Even if you don't live in Berkeley, and you've bothered to read this far, you can do something too. Look for an unused piece of land nearby. Think of it as a community. Then do it. Let a thousand parks bloom.



The Vanishing Black Man

Remember the Moynihan Report? That stellar document of mid-sixties liberalism discussed the problems of the black ghetto in terms of male emasculation and dominance of the female.

It gave a kind of scientific humanitarian sanction to the doctrine of "Benign Neglect," since giving welfare benefits to mothers without husbands would presumably only strengthen the black matriarchy. It was also implied, gently, that black people's problems would, after all, have to be solved within the black family.

A new study by a black sociologist, Dr. Jacqueline Jackson, of Duke University, has cut away some of the Moynihan Report's self-serving logic. Dr. Jackson agrees that the black husband is disappearing, but she puts it more concretely—black men are disappearing.

"The reasons for this are not in the least mysterious," Dr. Jackson explained. "To begin with, black men are dying earlier. They are the prime victims of heart and lung diseases, chronic alcoholism, car and factory accidents, homicides, war, drug overdose and increasing suicides." She also cited the large number of black men in jail and prison, and concluded that more than a million black women are presently unable to find men to marry.

—Pam and Michael Rosenthal/AFS

Somebody Is Watching Us . . . And Probably You Too!

NEW YORK (LNS)—Those of you who have read stories in your local underground paper with an LNS byline may not know that you have been reading the words of "potential political assassins." At least, that's the way the Secret Service sees it. According to Jack Anderson,



the great Washington file leaker, LNS is being watched because it has been "highly critical of the President and Administration." (Those are the Secret Service's words.)

That puts LNS in good company—the SS file also includes the Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance, the Gay Liberation Front, the NAACP, SDS, SCLC, and the Iranian Students Association. The National Alliance of Postal and Federal Employees made the grade for picketing in front of the White House (an action that will guarantee your presence on that list, according to Anderson) and the Quaker Action Group because they are "opposed to the war and the use of nuclear weapons."

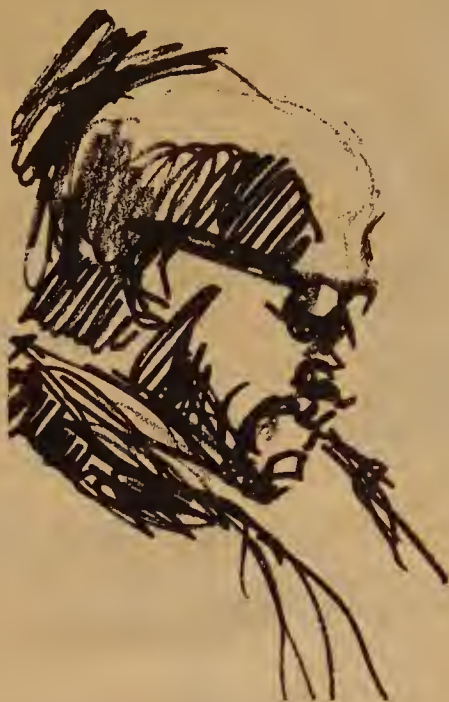
Aiding and Abetting

A group of northern California citizens has formed an organization to collect money for the reconstruction of Vietnam.

Called the American Reparations Committee (ARC), the group intends to send all contributions directly to the DRV in North Vietnam and the PRG in South Vietnam, asserting these "are the legitimate governmental representatives of the Vietnamese people who must be the ones to decide how best to use the money for rebuilding their country."

The ARC hopes it "can serve as a vehicle for Americans to vote with their pocket-books against the insane war policies of the U.S. government," and is asking individuals to donate one day's wages for reparations. This amount, they say, is minimal compared to the \$1,000 a year the average American family has paid in federal taxes to support the war. If you'd like more information about the ARC, they're located at 1708B Grove St., Berkeley, Cal. 94709.

—AFS



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SPACE-11

Cinema

Beware! The Blob. The blob returns and he's (?) bigger and ickier than ever in this one. Performances (?) by Shelley Berman, Carol Lynley, and Godfrey Cambridge. The blob is, of course, all over town. PG.

The Biscuit Eater. A Disney film about a boy and his dog. Godfrey Cambridge is also in this one, which just goes to show you that yes, he is a comedian. Multi's, G.

Buck and the Preacher. With Harry Belafonte and Sidney Poitier—a hack's idea of "inspired" casting. They're alike as two Oreos in a box. At the Park I and elsewhere. PG.

Cabaret. A great, great movie. Intelligent and careful on the outside, the Good Taste doesn't cancel the raw, nerve-racking core—Liza Minnelli in the performance of her life. Also features Joel Grey as the malignant M.C. in a tacky Berlin cabaret, just prior to the rise of Hitler. Do not miss. Windsor, reserved, 622-2650. PG, and not for the kiddies.

Chato's Land. A cipher as far as this department is concerned and probably best left that way. With Charles Bronson and Jack Palance, under the guiding hand of director Michael Winner, this week's (again) nominee for Movie Scourge. Memorial (465-5258) and Loew's State (222-2040), and around.

Confessions of a Police Captain. Martin Balsam in a morality play which will no doubt be reminiscent of *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion*. Also with Franco (Camelot!) Nero. Alabama (522-5176) and suburb multi's. PG.

Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde. See them change right fo your eyes. But into what? Better the blob. Consult your local daily; this one may not last. PG.

Fiddler on the Roof. Won't somebody help him? Tower, 523-7301, Reserved. G.

The French Connection. Is not a skin flick. It's a thriller with (as if you haven't heard) a very good performance by Gene Hackman, a great car chase that leaves you asking why, and a terrific sound track. Shamrock. R.

Fritz the Cat. The first X-rated animated feature, and Walt Disney will turn over in his grave if he's really dead. Park II and III (522-5632), Bellaire (664-0182). X.

The Garden of the Finzi-Contini. Vittorio de Sica's finest film in many years, the story of an aristocratic family of Jews whose world pauses, then stops, under pressure from Mussolini anti-Semitic laws. A sturdy, sensitive tragedy, very personal—and a must-see for everyone. Features the great Dominique Sanda. Village, 528-2384. R (but for no good reason).

The Godfather. Everything you've heard and more. Intelligent and unpatronizing, it still has the raw energy that only American films seem able to capture. Brando is magnificent. Al Pacino even better. Francis Ford Coppola directed. All four cinemas. Weeknights are better; high prices, but worth it. R.



Jazz virtuoso Yusef Lateef, winner of several Downbeat and Playboy Jazz awards, has returned with his quartet to La Bastille for a two-week stand which began June 5. Lateef, who played to packed houses last year, performs on sax, Indian shanai, flute, and blues oboe.

The Hospital. Fun trash. Still around, and George C. Scott is still chewing through the dialogue and spitting it out. (He certainly can't swallow this film's). PG.

Is There Sex After Death? Buck Henry, Marshal Efron, Robert Downey, Holly Woodlawn, and some very verbi-militudinous interviewees make this a hilarious, brave, highly disrespectful movie about that subject nearest and dearest to many of us—love with a Great Dane. Shamrock (666-1546). X.

The Last Picture Show. Probably the finest American film of 1971, so see it. Peter Bogdanovich directed an exceptionally able cast, including Ellen Burstyn, Ben Johnson and Cloris Leachman. Delman, 529-1257. R.

Malcolm X. Semi-documentary based on the *Autobiography*. Narrated by James Earl Jones (the bombardier in *Strangelove*, if anyone cares). Loew's (222-2040) and Shepherd (695-7163). PG.

Mary, Queen of Scots. Last month for Redgrave and Jackson (the world's ugliest queens). Gaylynn Terrace, reserved, 771-1261. PG.

Minnie and Moskowitz. John Cassavetes' latest film, a romance of sorts between Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel. Well-played and occasionally charming—still, a little Honest, unless you really go for Cassavetes' style of melodrama-with-warts. Alabama, 522-1546.

Nicholas and Alexandra. Not a fun couple; visit Minnie and Moskowitz instead. Gaylynn, 771-1261. Reserved. PG.

Midnight Series. Night of the Living Dead. Spooky as all get-out. See it with someone you love. Metro, downtown. June 8 only.

Oh! Calcutta! A filmed version of the nude revusical still playing in New York. Two show daily. June 6-8. Park II and III; Bellaire and Memorial. High prices. X.

Play It Again, Sam. Woody Allen may not be the funniest man alive, but there are times in these laughless days when he seems it. The film version of his Broadway comedy. Much more consistent than his previous films, if less zany. Galleria, 626-4011. PG.

Putney Swope. About the difference between vanilla wafers and oreos. Both somehow corrupt as all get-out, but this movie makes getting there all the fun. Very funny. Metro, downtown. June 15 only. All tickets \$1.50. B.O. opens 11:30.

Red Sun. Toshiro Mifune out West, with Alain Delon, Charles Bronson, and Ursula Actress. The previews look exciting, and Toshiro Mifune is enough to make almost any movie worth seeing Majestic and outdoors, mostly. PG.

Skyjacked! BFD. Everywhere. PG.

Stanley. Move over, Willard. Creeping around town. PG.

Suburban Wives. Just move over. Sleeping around town. And in River Oaks, R.

What's Up, Doc? Funny while it lasts, but you walk away with a taste of carrot in your mouth. Peter Bogdanovich directs Barbra Streisand (fair) and Ryan O'Neal (awful) and a fine crowd of bit players. T&C Six, high prices. G.

Wild Bunch. A precursor of *Straw Dogs*. Peckinpah at his most brutal and gory and violent—and stupid. No plot, no character, no nothin'. But it's on with...

Woodstock. A fine documentary of anything, made especially appealing by virtue of everybody in the film except John Sebastian. Shamrock. R?

Theater

Calamity on the Campus or "The Pot at the End of the Rainbow." Opens at Theater Suburbia on June 16.

Child's Play. New production of the Broadway success of a season or two ago. Dark Mondays. The Alley Theater, 228-8421.

Doom, Destruction, White Lightning. New short plays at this fine local theater. Not recommended for children. 9pm, Fridays and Saturdays. Playwright's Showcase, 524-3126.

Sir Jack! Resident of Oklahoma! and friend of Dolly!, we have no doubt. World premiere engagement of this musical setting of the Falstaff cycle. August 24 thru Sept 2, at Theater Under the Stars summer season in Miller Theater. (!)

Skulduggery in the Sky or "The Gone Patrol." 9pm, Thurs—Sat. Treehouse Cabaret Theater, 5900 Bissonnet. For reservations phone 774-8351 after 5pm. All seats \$2.

South Pacific. Miscegenation, dandruff and other pressing problems of the day. July 20-29. Miller Theater.

Thieves' Carnival. Jean Anouih's comedy, with some music. 8:30pm, Fridays and Saturdays; 7:30pm, Sun. Country Playhouse, 467-4497.

The Yellow Brick Road. As we all know it, we don't want to. Three shows every Saturday. Alley Theater, 228-8421.

Music

Allman Brothers Band. Presented by Foley's and Southwest Concerts. 8pm, June 11. Hofheinz Pavilion. Ticket Information: 223-4822.

La Bastille
716 Franklin at Old Market Sqaure.
227-3788.

Ray Charles. With his orchestra and the World Famous Raelts. He's awfully good. 8:30pm, June 18. Jones Hall. Ticket Information: 528-7318.

Organ Recital. Sister Anna Fulsche performs works of Mendelssohn, Walond, Franck and others in a concert benefiting repairs on the organ. Saint Agnes Academy. 8:00pm, Thurs. Saint Micheal's Catholic Church, 1801 Sage Road. Tickets at the door.

Band Concert. Buddy Brock's group is featured in a concert sponsored by the city parks and recreation dept. and the Music Performance Trust Funds. 8:30, Sat. Miller Theater. Free

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A BLOCKBUSTER! **MIGHTIEST SPECTACLE OF MAMMOTH SPECTOR** **"MASTERFUL! SUPERIOR! FABULOUS!"**

Music Cont. from 15

Mother Midnight Media Mix. One hour of live rock and roll simul-cast on KIOI and TV Ch. 26. Stereo-quality FM. First show tentatively booking "Mack Smack & Glory." Midnight, June 10.

Houston Symphony Orchestra. Violinist Donna Kole will be the soloist with A. Clyde Roller and the orchestra in Chausson's Poeme for Violin and Orchestra and Saint-Saen's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. The overture to Glink's "Russlan and Ludmilla," the first-act prelude to Wagner's "Lobengrin," Robert Nelson's "A Little Beatle Music" and selections from "No, No, Nanette." 8:15pm, Thurs. Miller Outdoor Theater. Free.

Issac Hayes. The black personality is coming. 8:30, June 16. Hofheinz Pavilion Ticket Information: 228-0006.

Liberty Hall
1610 Chenevert
Cold Blood will perform June 16, 17 and 18. Fri & Sat, shows at 8pm and 11pm; Sunday, one show at 9pm. Tickets \$2.50 in advance at Foley's and Paisley Company on Montrose.

The Old Quarter
Austin and Congress
Frank Davis with Daddy Banjo, Sun. Rockin' Blue Diamonds, June 14 & 15, 9:30pm. Tickets at the door.

The Mad Dog
Village Shopping Center (Kirby and Rice) Axis, house band, beer, wine and good vibes.

Sandee's
South Park and OST
Leatherwood, Friday and Sat, 50 cents cover, beer, wine, pool, Sandee.

Miss Irenes
Studmont, between Washington and Allen Parkway, Rocky Hill, Thursday thru Sunday; Rocky has Houston's most exciting band; no cover, beer and wine.

Love Street
Allen's Landing
Could somebody from Love Street call us at Space City! (522-0581) and let us know whats happening.

Paintings and Plastics

Contemporary Arts Museum
3147 Montrose. 526-3129.
TEN. See the artifacts of a dying culture. Rub your nose in nullity. Learn how a few clever incompetents are passing themselves off as artists onto a public too brow-beaten or apathetic to laugh them out of existence.

Museum of Fine Arts
1001 Bissonnet. 526-1361.
SALUTE TO THE CAM. Contemporary art from the Museum's perman-

ent collection. Cullinan Hall.
RODIN. Sculptures and graphics form the overwrought M. Rodin. Cullinan Hall.
JASPER JOHNS. Lithographs by the man who did a lot—more than almost anyone—to define the Sixties. Jones Gallery.

Rice University
Institute for the Arts
University at Stockton. 528-4141, ext. 246.
JOE OVERSTREET. A one-man show including 19 canvasses and watercolors. Thru July.

Galleries

ADEPT GALLERY. Luther G. Walker in a one-man show of paintings, poetry and prose. 6-9pm, weekdays; 1-5pm, Sundays. 1317 Binz.

ARTIST OUTLET COMMUNITY CENTER. Local black artists on the black life-style. Most media. 9-5pm, Mon-Sat. 2603 Blodgett.

BLACK ARTS FESTIVAL. "In the Beginning . . . Blackness." First showing of local black artists in the renovated Deluxe Theater. 3303 Lyons.

CONTRACT GRAPHICS. Paintings by Bob Yoikas. 5116 Morningside, 524-1593.

CRAWFORD GALLERY. Landscapes and still lifes by Rodde and Savin. Sculptures by Choate. 10am-5pm, Tues-Sat., 1100 Bissonnet.

DUBOSE GALLERY. Acrylics by Lamar Briggs. 2950 Kirby, 526-2353.

FERNDAL POTTERY. Handmade stoneware and bronze. 9am-5pm, Mon-Sat. 2902 Ferndale, 528-2796.

FRAME FORUM. Prints, odds and ends. Also inexpensive framing services by local artists. 1405 Waugh.

GOOD EARTH GALLERY. A great new gallery featuring Houston artists. The price is right. Hours are 11am-3pm and 7-10pm daily. 508 Louisiana.

HOOKS-EPSTEIN GALLERY. Contemporary graphics by various artists. 1200 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

KIKO GALLERIES. Paintings, drawings, sculpture, etchings and lithographs by Le Corbusier. 410 Lovett, 522-3722.

LATENT IMAGE. Old and new photographs of Houston. A feast for the eye. 1122 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

MATRIX. Featuring five photographers offering a "hodge-podge" of styles. Fairview at Taft.

LONG AND COMPANY. Paintings by Marc Moldawer. 1212 San Felipe, 621-7362.

PARKE-BERNET. Movie props from Warner Bros. and Columbia Studios. Galleria upper level, 623-0010.

ROBINSON GALLERIES. "Olympic Art 1972." Famed international artists and their concept of the Olympic games. 3220 Louisiana, 528-7674.

FREE CONCERT!

in MEMORIAL PARK

Bands to play are:

DEERFIELD

EASY BOY

NOON TIL DARK
Sunday, June 11 at the Soccer Field in Memorial Park
GAMES & FUN IN THE SUN

Compliments of Art Rock

Plain Folk

Seems to be a strong rediscovering of the "Nashville Sound" these days. Last Saturday night at Liberty Hall turned into a foot stompin' delight to the songs of Freda and the Firedogs from Austin. From "Hey, Goodlookin'" to "Honky Tonk Women" is a pretty good repertoire for such a young, tight group. Freda's voice reminded me a little of June Carter. The Firedogs got the audience up to do the Texas two-step and everyone really enjoyed the evening.

Some new releases of interest to Nashville freaks are *The Jimmie Rogers Story*, narrated by Jimmie's old friend Albert Fullam and sung by Hank Snow on RCA, produced by Chet Atkins. Jimmie Rogers was known as the "Blue Yodeler," famous for the songs "T for Texas" and "My Carolina Sunshine Girl" and hundreds of Western blues songs. Louis Armstrong used to back him up on some of the earlier recordings when RCA had its Bluebird label. Born near Enterprise, Mississippi, he rode the rails all over the south and got his first break from Maybelle and A.P. Carter. Jimmie Rogers died of tuberculosis while in his thirties. This album contains such numbers as "Pistol Packin' PaPa," "Gambling Polka Dot Blues," "In the Jailhouse Now," "My Little Ole Home Down in New Orleans," and "T. B. Blues." The slick package is really good, with liner notes by the old Nashville performer and record store owner Ernest Tubbs. Nashville is the only town I have skipped through that plays music in the streets on Sundays!

Another album is Lester Flatt's *Kentucky Ridgerunner*, also on RCA. Together with the Nashville Grass and the elite of studio musicians, Lester Flatt continues in the tradition of the Grand old Opry which is soon to become Opryland U.S.A. Flatt is the singer from the former team of Flatt and Scruggs. Scruggs has gone on to form a fine band with his sons. Flatt, nevertheless, is very good. Some of the songs on this one include "The Martha White Theme," "Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms" and "I'll Be Over You." Pickin' perhaps at its best. Outasite mandolin and banjo of Roland White and Haskel McCormick and Victor Jordan. Could be a little more electric but as far as traditional roof fiddlin', this is close to the best.

For the folks in the *Big Sur Festival—One Hand Clapping*, recorded live on Columbia with Joan Baez, Kris Kristofferson, Taj Mahal, Mickey Newbury and one cut by Blood, Sweat and Tears. Just a word on each of these performers. Baez sounds terrible but Kristofferson sounds drunk and saves the album with "Jesse Younger" and "The Pilgrim—Chapter 33." Taj Mahal really is great with "Nobody's Business But My Own," and Corinna and Mickey Newbury with "San Francisco Mabel Joy," and "The Thirty-Third of August." I've heard nothing but good things about him and a certain houseboat. A fine piece of plastic on the whole, with proceeds going to Esalen Institute for Non-Violence.

—Scout Schacht

CREDENTIALS

Cont. from 7

for me and Dane. They then asked to see other identification and I showed them my driver's license which they said wasn't enough and demanded that I hand over my conference credentials," Hatcher said. "What do you do when a man, hand on his gun, takes a step forward and says hand it on over? You hand it over."

"I asked to see his identification and he flapped open his wallet real fast and all I could see was the name Robbins and his blood type. He refused to tell me what jurisdiction he had."

Charles "Scoop" Sweeny, news director of Pacifica, told Space City! that he felt the revoking of the credentials was deliberate and systematic harassment of the station. "It was obviously a set-up job," Sweeny said. "They were waiting for Eileen."

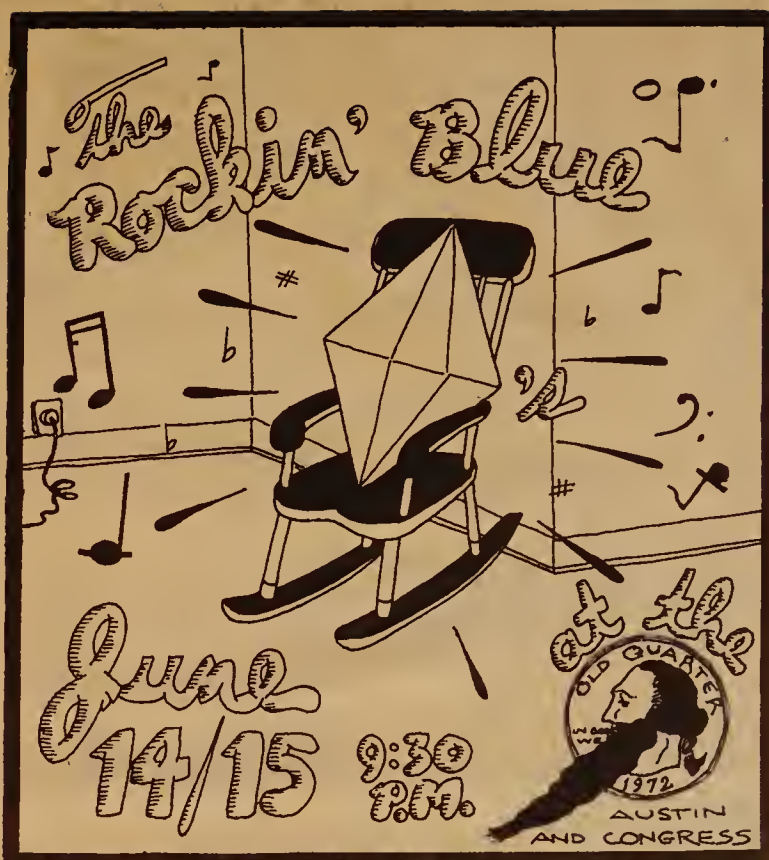
Sweeny said that he was preparing to do a live news broadcast from the press center when he was approached by two police officers who told him to come with them. He said he was then taken to the security office on the third floor where he was questioned by a man in a suit he assumed was with the Texas Rangers or the Houston police. He said he was never given a name.

"What it came down to was that I was accused of indiscriminately handing out conference credentials and showing phony DPS and HPD press cards." Sweeny proved the validity of his credentials and asked why his assistants had had their credentials taken away from them after they had been going in and out of the hotel for more than eight hours.

"Carlton Carl had waived the DPS and HPD credentials requirements for my assistants after I agreed to take personal responsibility for anything that happened," Sweeny said. "I was told that 'we can't be sure of what kind of nuts you are going to drag in here after all you've gotten bombed twice and that shows what kind of station you are.'"

Sweeny said that he and his crew had been repeatedly stopped and subjected to identification checks before the incident happened. "I don't know when these people will realize that we are not out to get anyone. These people seem to think we are mad bombers out to topple the State under the guise of Pacifica radio. All I want to do is give the people a good news broadcast, to give them a perspective on what's happening."

Carl called the Pacifica incident an "unfortunate occurrence" and assured Sweeny that he attempted to do whatever he could about the matter, but the press section was separate and subservient to the



TONIGHT! JUNE 8: MID-NIGHT

MIDNIGHT CINEMA SUMMER FILM SERIES PRESENTS:

"NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD"

Metropolitan Theatre — Downtown

June 15: "PUTNEY SWOPE"

Advance tickets: all Budget Tapes & Records and
\$1.25 Sunshine Company (Galleria)

Box office opens at
11:30. Tickets \$1.50.

focus:

Kitty and Harry are opening a photographic gallery for the Montrose Community together with rental dark rooms and studios. They're also starting an agency for the discovery and free training of photographic models and finding them parttime modeling opportunities.

Any photographers or potential models who would like to participate or, particularly, to help with the necessary pre-opening work, please call Kitty or Harry at 528-6971.



REALBREAD

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security section.

"The security people, state, local and national, have set up strict guidelines for the convention for all people. These guidelines include for the press the requirement of press credentials complete with pictures. This has held true and been generally applied to all press attending the conference," Carl said.

Space City! reporter Marty Chapman did a spot check and discovered that many of the attending reporters violated this requirement in that their press cards did not contain photographs.

The Texas Rangers were in charge of coordinating the security measures with the Houston Police Department, the Secret Service, the Department of Public Safety and the Harris County Sheriffs. Texas Ranger Capt. Pete Rogers said "that he had more men working the hotel than there were governors. Rogers had 34 rangers and 32 DPS intelligence officers working with an undisclosed number of Houston Police and Harris County Sheriff's Deputies. Each governor was assigned two DPS officers to chauffeur them around.

Rogers told the Houston Post that, "we just want to provide the maximum possible security so these people will be protected and nobody will get hurt."

Chapman asked one Texas Ranger Sergeant who refused to identify himself about the tight security, the refusal to grant Mockingbird credentials and the revoking of the Pacifica credentials only to be met with a curt "no comment. I won't talk in that recorder friend. No, I don't have anything to say to you."

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by Richard Green
K*101

Harvest Moon is the name of a proposal for a world-wide citizen-sponsored lunar expedition, put forward by a group called the Committee for the Future. Harvest Moon is under consideration by the House of Representatives of the United States. Congressman Olin Teague, Texas Democrat, introduced a resolution on May 27, 1972, authorizing NASA to work with the Committee for the Future in exploring possibilities for the mission. Teague is chairman of the House Science and Astronautics Sub-committee on Manned Space Flight.

Harvest Moon's experiments would investigate the utility of the moon as a possible base for continued exploration of the solar system. Four major experiments, including a small dome to test the effects of a lunar day on earth-originated plants and insects, would be built by Japanese, European, Communist, or other technologically capable interests for Harvest Moon.

What is unique about the proposal is that it calls for financing through subscription by citizens world-wide. There would of course be additional income from mission residuals, such as salable materials and information.

The total cost of such a mission would be \$150 million . . . a figure that is truly astronomical. But easily provided by millions of subscribers.

Committee for the Future: an effort by the white brothers and sisters to build a future free of racism, free of economic militarism, free of exploitation as a rule of thumb. New Worlds Company: the actual structure that will co-operate with NASA, of the government of Yugoslavia or any other "corporation" to manage projects like Harvest Moon, or the proposed international lunar community, open and operating by 1982. Space City: the name given to the capital city of the aerospace movement on this planet. Houston: the nexus of Babylon in the oil kingdom of Texas. Virgo bitch on the Gulf Coast—that is what she is to thousands of her citizens. Ask the bored brothers and sisters at the palace-clubs of Space City about the positive future advocated in Harvest Moon. "Far out . . ." through glassy eyes.

As the brothers on the street in the community—or the ghetto, as it is called—truck to work for the white boss, ask them about Harvest Moon. "Shit, man, what do they want to go to the moon for? we got plenty to do right here on Earth!" Righteous rap. But exactly *how* are we/they going to get it on here in Sufferville, when 10 years of marches have not ended the Vietnam war? Exactly *how* are we going to restore and enhance our tired Mother planet? Two years of environmental hysteria have not halted pollution. And are there fewer offensive billboards, fewer offensive TV-radio commercials since the advent of Ralph-and-friends-Nader?

Waiting for nourishment at the Well; holding together near the ancient symbol of the planetary life support system—pure water, issuing forth from the ground. Waiting further, and waiting *is*: waiting kindles the light within. Waiting during the EST changes. Waiting at the source of the inner mounting flame. We have seen the flame externalized as Apollo climbs towards Lunar contact. We have seen the inner mounting flame behind closed eyes, in meditation or prayer, in the sacred smoke of the outlaw culture and in the yes-eyes of those we love. Manifest it as dollars expended or energy synergized. This is the Power of the Great! This is the *power* of the people! And this is the source of the flame sending Harvest Moon aloft.

Waiting for nourishment at the well—finding the calm center within, eliminating paranoia, flushing the poisons of Babylon from the national body—cooking our media stew with the inner mounting flame.

*Clouds rise up to heaven:
the image of WAITING.
Thus the superior man eats and drinks,
Is joyous and of good cheer.*

Harvest Moon is the celebration fitting the sharp cats and foxy ladies dancing in the flow of FUTURE TALK.

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523-5354

Problem Pregnancy Information Service
209 Stratford St., Houston
Office hours 9:30 am—9:30 pm 7 days a week

unclassified

FOR SALE: A Norelco 1420 Cassette recorder/player, \$17. Complete with mike, batteries, adaptor and blank tape. Also new releases by Neil Young, Dylan, Hendrix, TRex, Alice Cooper and others for \$3 each on cassette. Call 529-6854.

WANT TO TRADE one second row floor seat ticket for the 4:00 Rolling Stones concert for any ticket to the 9:00 show. Call Scott at 464-4119.

A CRY FOR HELP! I have found myself with no other alternative but to push my pride aside and ask for help, financial help. The reason for this is I need to obtain a lawyer and have no funds to do so. A year ago I had escaped from the institution, but my attempt was to no avail. After a few months I found myself receiving two indictments. A dollar here and there can make the difference between my winning and the state winning. Please send money orders only! Fred Barry, No. 78269, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, OH 44901. Thanks very much.

UNDERGROUND SCIENCE FICTION coop needs manuscripts. For info, write Kansas Free University, 1314 Oread, Lawrence, KS 66044.

BATHTUB, small air conditioner for sale. Also some aluminum windows and screens. 521-0623 or 802 Willard.

HAVE ALL KINDS of hi-fi components, misc. cameras, photo oddsends plus other good shit. Will sell or trade for air conditioners, studio and dark-room equipment or simple plumbing, carpentry, painting, sewing, or whatever. Call Kitty or Harry 528-6971.

EDDIE W. OF BAYTOWN and city jail: I have tried to reach you but your people won't let me. Can you send me a message some way? Wayne.

I AM PRESENTLY INCARCERATED in the (Federal) Robert F. Kennedy Center at Morgantown, WV, and would like to hear from anyone who wishes to write. Will answer all letters. Address to: Dana Quinhy, 340-103, Box 1000, Morgantown, West Va., 26505. Thanks.

CAMPING FREAKS: Two sleeping bags, 4lb. Dacron, used just twice. Cost me \$24 each, will sell for \$16 each. Call 747-6753.

WOULD LIKE TO SHARE RIDES between Sharpstown area and UH during summer school. Classes: 8:40 - 12:00. Call Jerry at 785-5401.

SURROUNDED BY THE SAME people everyday, this incarceration is very unbearable without communications. If concerned, please write Carlos Lamount Manuel, 18410-101, Box 1500, El Reno, OK 73036. Thanks very much.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT: one bedroom, water paid, \$105. Call 529-5433.

FREE: OLD GAS RANGE, good condition. Need to give it away because I'm moving. Call 667-5577.

NEEDED: VERY AMATEUR musicians who have nothing to do this summer. We are two teens that have piano/drums/voice, not much equipment. Need anybody who wants to give it a try. Live in NASA area. Call 554-2629.

CINDY BRODIN, GINGER BRODIN or Alex Standish, or anyone who knows them, please contact Mike Fleming, 19567, Box 1500, El Reno Oklahoma 73036.

WHY REINCARNATION and soul travel in God's plan? ECKANKAR. 524-5984.

A PRISONER OF THE OHIO STATE Penitentiary will very much appreciate corresponding with anyone caring to write. Frank McDonald, No. 129-279, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216.

I HAVE 11 BEAUTIFUL PUPPIES in need of home and yard. 522-7267 until 5; 2410 Hazard after 5. Be prepared to fall in love.

TWO ANTIQUE FOR SURE SHOW-cases cheap. Curved glass. 524-1443.

23 YEAR OLD INMATE in Ohio pen serving life sentence, would like to correspond and rap with anyone into the occult, including astrology. Write to: Joseph Sarli, No. 129-669, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216. My sign is Sagittarius.

WOULD LIKE TO BUY 2 Rolling Stones tickets. Flew in from Oregon but tickets were all sold when I got there. Will pay up to \$10.00 per ticket. Please friends, help me out. I would greatly appreciate it. Call 353-5655, ask for Patty.

ASTROLOGY: Natal and/or progressed horoscopes. Both horary and elective astrology, a specialty. Written interpretations. Phone: 458-3933. Edward F. Lacy III; 12014 Coral Reef Drive, Houston 77044.

WANTED: FEMALE CORRESPONDENCE. Don't care who, just write. My body is in prison—my mind is free. Need any liberated freak literature, free and fast. George Killian, No. 45241, Drawer C, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, 66027.

I GET 200 PAPERS for doing Space City! subscriptions. Will sell for \$15 to first vendor to come by 802 Willard near the Turtle.

BUM TRIP: I've been captured and am serving 2½ years. Everything you've read about prison is true. I sure could dig corresponding with some people from the outside (especially far-out chicks); will answer all mail... gladly! Greg Heaton, No. 127860, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH with a woman who cares to correspond or visit or both. Age doesn't matter as long as she is not too young. I am a Cancer, am Scotch, and have lived in other countries besides the U.S. Am high on life and would dig rapping. Write to: Colin MacCollom, No. 33998, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

CALIFORNIA PRISON INMATE desires letters from far-out freaks to help pass the lonely hours. All letters will be answered. Photo, please? Thanks very much, Joe Kennedy, Box B-38092, Jamestown, Ca. 95327.

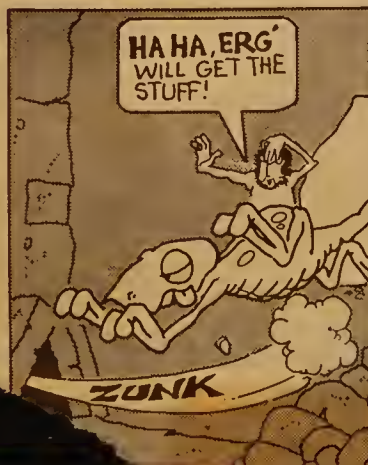
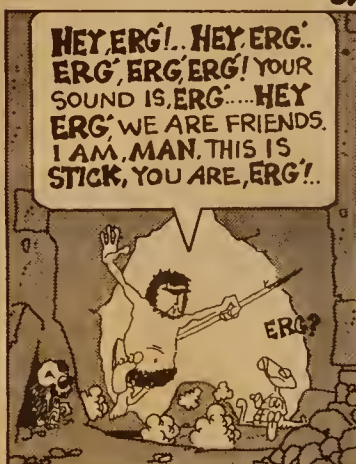
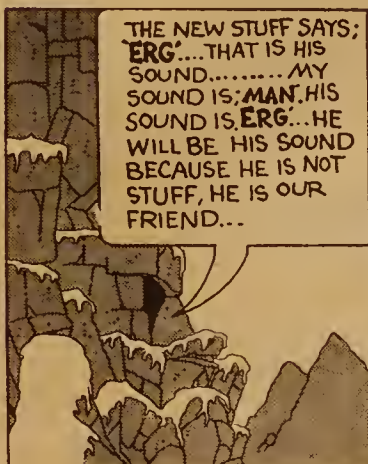
NEED ROOMMATE IMMEDIATELY to share apt. in U of H area. Male or female. Rent real low. Call Ron 748-9322 between 6-7pm, Mon-Fri.

NEED RIDE TO TUCSON, Arizona around July 1st or so. Will share gas and driving. Call Dave at 333-3549. Thanx.

unclassifieds

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Unclassifieds, Space City!, P.O. Box 70086, Houston, 77007. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women and gay people. Not all "sex ads" are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't. We will generally accept ads however, for roommates which specify gay or straight, male or female, to avoid possible confusion when two parties get together. Space City! reserves the right to reject any ad, or to change or delete portions not in keeping with our policy.

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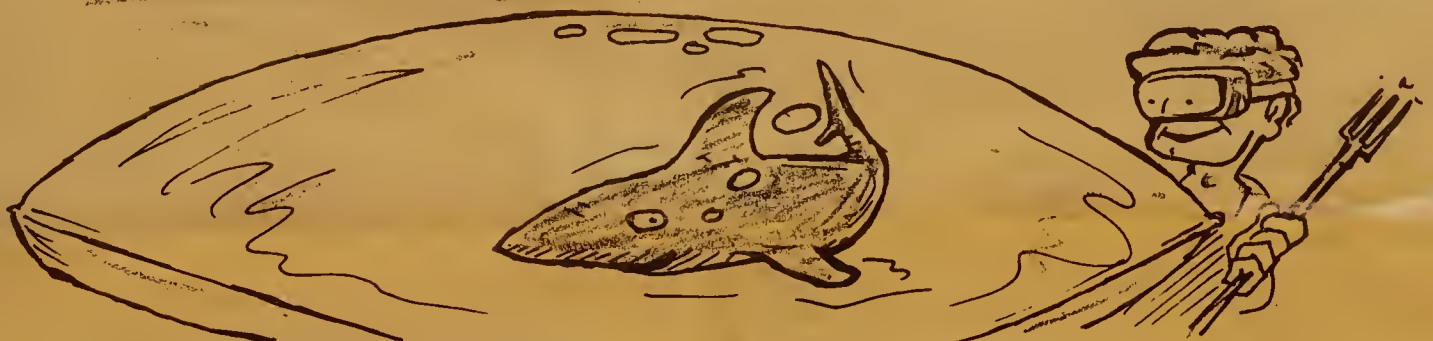
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20 GAUGE VINYL - 20 YEAR GUARANTEE

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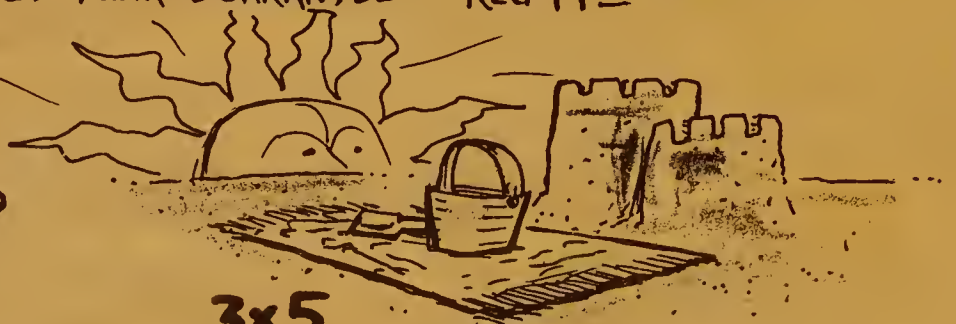
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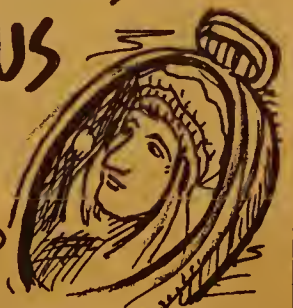
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SO YOU CAN GET HOME BEFORE YOUR OLD MAN/LADY—

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